

THE
UNIVERSALLY POPULAR

BALLAD

LORENA

— BY —

J. P. WEBSTER.

PIANO.

SONG.

QUARTETTE.

GUITAR.



CHICAGO:

Published by H. M. HIGGINS, 117 Randolph St.

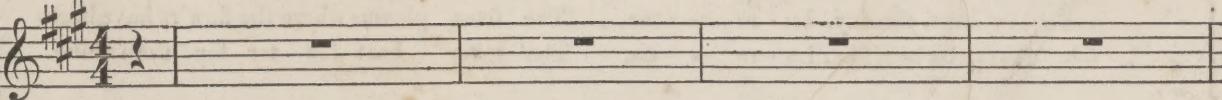


"LORENA."

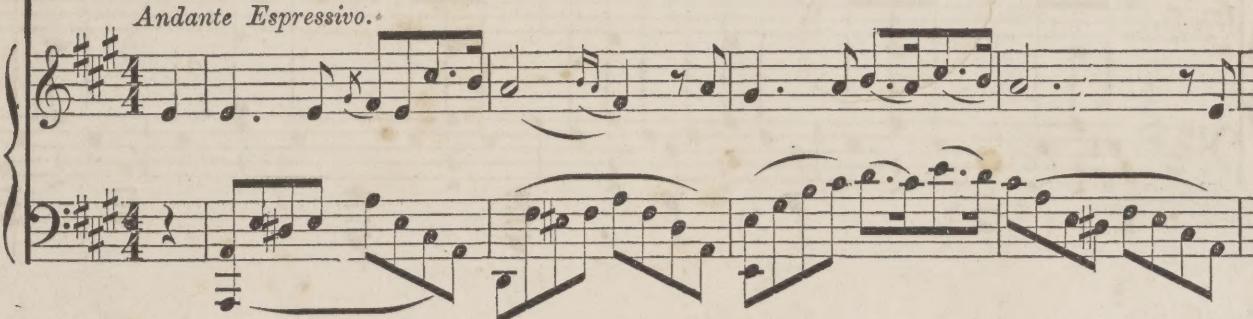
Poetry by REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

VOICE.

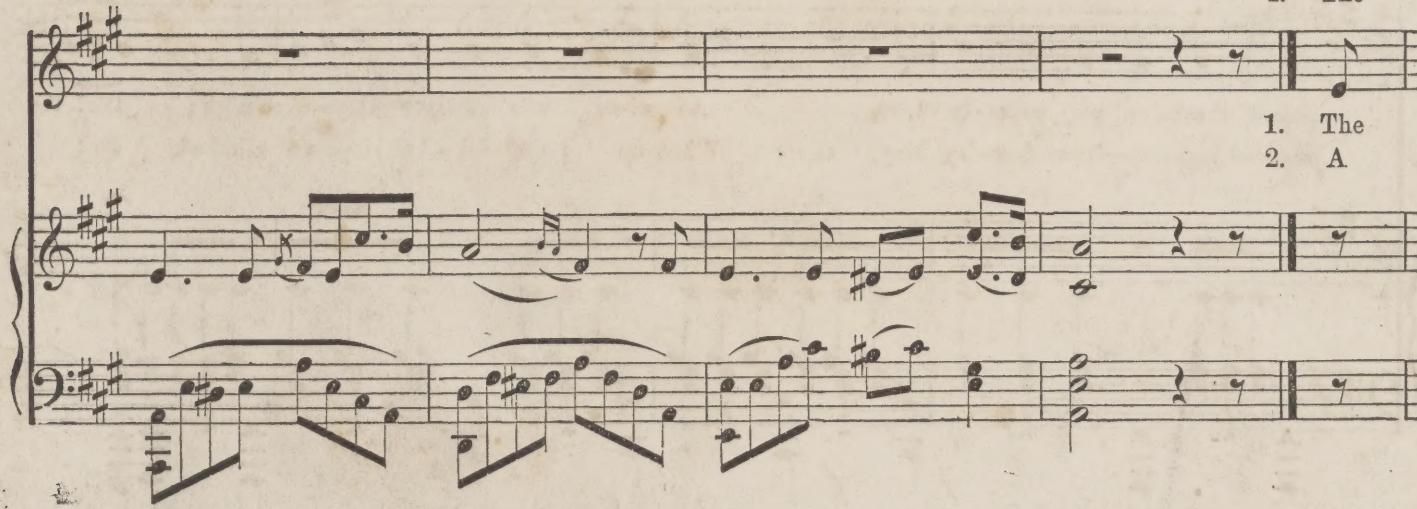


PIANO



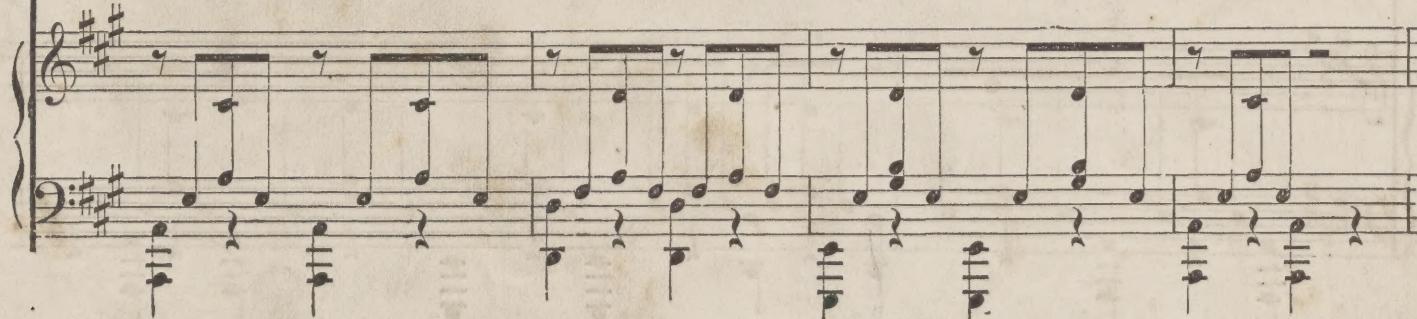
3. We
4. The

1. The
2. A



loved each oth-er then Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And
sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The

years creep slowly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The
hun-dred months have pass'd Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And



what we might have been, Lore - na, Had but our lov - ings prosper'd well—
hopes that could not last, Lo-re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat.

But
I

sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been.
felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fas - ter far than thine.

But the
A

then, 'tis past—the years are gone,
would not cause e'en one re - gret

I'll not call up their shadowy forms; I'll
To wran - kle in your bo - som now; For

heart throbs on as warm-ly now,
hundred months,—'twas flow - ry May,

As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the
When up the hil - ly slope we climbed, To

say to them, "lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storm." I'll
"if we try, we may for - get," Were words of thine long years a - go.

For

sun can never dip so low, A - down affection's cloudless sky. The
watch the dy-ing of the day, And hear the distant church-bells chimed. To

say to them, lost years, sleep on!
"if we try, we may for - get,"

Sleep on! nor heed, life's pelt - ing storm."
Were words of thine long years a - go.

sun can nev - er dip so low, A - down af - fection's cloud - less sky.
watch the dy - ing of the day, And hear the dis - tant church-bells chimed.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;
Thy heart was always true to me.—
A duty stern and pressing, broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past—is in the eternal Past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a Future! O thank God,
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

